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FOR ONCE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION AGREE.



#### THE PROPER COURSE.

"I suppose any Power that may arrange terms of peace for Spain will expect some compensation?"

"No doubt. Spain should deal directly with Uncle Sam and save the commission."

#### IN MADRID.

FIRST CITIZEN.—I see that a question has arisen whether the credit for the destruction of Cervera's fleet is due to Schley or to Sampson.

SECOND CITIZEN (*with a sigh*).—I wish our navy could give rise to a controversy like that.

"DE BIGGES' danger 'bout dis hyah business," soliloquized the nocturnal visitor to the hen-coop, "am de man behind de gun."



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#### A CLUE.

STRANGER.—There was to be a picnic around here to-day. Have you seen anything of it?

FARMER.—No; but it must be over yonder, somewhere. I guess my bull has run across it.

#### OLD STEADY.

ALL IDIOTS who rock the boat  
Paste in your hats this axiom great; —  
There is n't any fool afloat  
With power to rock the Ship of State.

#### BUT THE LAST ONE COUNTS.

FIRST SPANIARD.—Those Americans are slow. They can not accomplish results as quickly as the gallant sons of Spain.

SECOND SPANIARD.—That is true. I have been watching our bulletins, and I observe that our forces gain a brilliant victory the first thing in each battle, while the Americans come in with a victory a day or so later.

#### IT HAS N'T BEEN HIT.

BIGGS.—This war has put American guns and gunnery to the test.

BOGGS.—But it has n't been much of a test for American armor plate.

#### SIMMERED DOWN.

Ten cocksure Bulletins, all about the war;  
All were denied — and then there were more.

THE TEST of Spanish statesmanship is ability to reconcile the people to bad news.

SPANISH AUTHORITIES are said to be divided on the question whether the naval battle of Santiago was a running fight or a fighting run.

"I WISH," SAID the soldier in the trenches, "some military genius would think of a scheme to allow the man who goes to the front to leave his appetite in the rear."



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#### TASTES DIFFER.

MISS BUDD.—Don't you like to gather wild flowers?

DEWITT.—No; I think it's tame sport.





ONE OF MANY.

MISS TALKINS.—Poor Mr. Henpeck! He looks to me as if he were tired of life.  
MR. BINTHAR.—Oh, no! He's merely tired of married life!

APPEAL TO AN INCENDIARY.



THE VENUS Insurance (Unlimited) Co."  
On reading the legend upon the door  
I crossed the threshold and said: "I know  
That you're the people I'm looking for.  
Please write a policy on my heart  
From loss by burning, in whole or part."

They bristled with questions: The risk  
was great!  
Were girls permitted to be about?  
Had ever the premises burned to date?  
What means had I to put fire out?  
They wrote next day they were pleased  
to state  
They'd underwrite at the lowest rate.

The contract came, but it bears the clause:  
"Association with (here's your name)  
Will make this instrument void, because  
We can't insure on a certain claim."  
So please have nothing to do with me,  
Or you will ruin my policy.

Layton Brewer.

A POSSIBLE SEQUEL.

"If you should buy dry-goods for two dollars," began  
the Professor, who was explaining an obscure point in political  
economy—

"Say one ninety-nine," murmured Miss Vassar.

"—or, say one ninety-nine,—the transaction will be  
complete when the goods are paid for."

"Unless," suggested Miss Vassar, "I should bring them  
back to be exchanged for something else."

ALL THE world may love a lover, but if he attempts to reciprocate his  
best girl is apt to object.

NO MATTER how much your experience may have cost, you can't bring  
it back to be exchanged for some other kind.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

TEACHER.—Who was the first man?  
LITTLE SUSIE STRONG.—Please, Ma'am, Eve.



CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

SHE.—Ve would n't mind payin' der rendt if ve t'ought der flat vos  
vorth it.

THE JANITOR.—Well, the last family that lived there was named  
Grabenstein, and they staid a year.

PUCK.



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SHE ADMITS HER MISTAKE.

GETBACK.—I don't see why you gave that tramp anything. He's sure to spend it for drink!

MRS. GETBACK (*meekly*).—Perhaps so, John. And I know too much of our income goes that way.

THOUGHT IT WAS LOCAL.

"You ought to have been at our house last night," said little Jimmy Summerlea to Freddy Tillinghast.

"Why?"

"We had an eclipse of the moon."

NOT PRECISELY A TYPE.

"Is that young person in bloomers the type of the American girl?"  
"No; I should call her a typographical error."

DID N'T WANT TO INTERVENE.

MULDOON.—An' so yer fri'nd Casey shtood by an' saw Brannigan giv' ye thot tirrible batin', widout makin' ony offer t' hilp ye?

DUCEY (*mournfully*).—He did. He yilled out, "Go in and win, Ducey, an' thin laned ag'in a pohst wid his honds in his pockets. Raycognition, widout inthervintion, wuz all Oi got from Casey."

A PLAUSIBLE IMPROBABILITY.

THE BOARDER (*irascibly*).—How many more times, Katy, must I tell you that I want my toast well browned? This is hardly more than yellowed!

THE MAID (*innocently*).—Sure, sor, ut *was* brown whin I tuk ut aff the shtove tin minutes ago. May be a-settin' in the sun moight have faded ut since. Sure the sun-loight do be dreadful har-r-rd on colors, sor.

NOT A QUESTION OF STATURE.

BODLY.—Did you see that short man who called here after you?

HODLY.—No; what did he look like?

BODLY.—Well, he was stout and rather tall, and—

HODLY.—But you just said he was short.

BODLY.—Well, that was what he said!

HE HAD A SCHEME.

MRS. JONES.—Why don't you do something to support yourself?

THE TRAMP.—I wuz t'inkin', Madam, of startin' one of dem end-less chains of letters contributin' to me relief.



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AS TO A FRIEND OF THEIRS.

MAY.—At any rate, she is not unconscious of her beauty.

CARRIE.—Oh, no! Not even momentarily forgetful.

A MIDSUMMER TRAGEDY.



I.

CHOLLY.—Miss Maud wants me to take her dog down and give him a swim in the creek. I would do anything for that girl.



II.

"Ah! here we are. By Jove! The day is so hot I believe I'll take a dip, myself. The dog will watch my clothes."



III.

"By George! I'm glad I came! This is fine!"



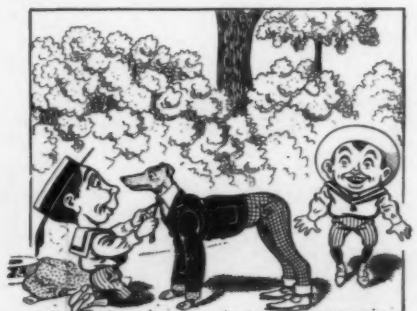
IV.

MISS MAUD'S LITTLE BROTHERS (*happening that way*).—Oh! Golly! Here is Maud's dog guardin' that dude's clothes! Hello, Sport, old feller! Say! let's have some fun.



V.

"We'll just put the trousers on this way. This belt will keep them tight, all right. Keep still, Sport, old man!"



VI.

"There, the coot is just his size. Why, Sport, old boy, you look like a regular swell!"





VII.  
CHOLLY (returning from a swim up the creek).—  
Now I am ready to let that dog have his swim.  
Here, Sport! Here, Sport! For the love of—!  
!—\*\*\*—!—!—!—\*\*\*—?—?—?



VIII.  
MISS MAUD.—I asked Cholly to take Sport  
down for a swim. I wonder where he is? Here,  
Sport! Here, Sport!



IX.  
SPORT.—Bow! Wow! Wow!

AS TO PIRACY.  
This pirate, inclined to be subtle,  
Takes nothing of booty but whubtle  
Carry with ease;  
And so, if you please,  
Every ship that he captures he'll scuttle.

SPITEFUL THING.  
MISS BUDDNIT.—Jack paid me quite a compli-  
ment;—he said I had a face like the rising sun.  
MISS A. TEEN.—How mean of him! As if you  
could help its being yellow!

AFTER THE ELOPEMENT.  
THE FATHER-IN-LAW (severely).—And you  
decided to marry in spite of my opposition?  
THE SON-IN-LAW (calmly).—Yes, sir.  
THE FATHER-IN-LAW (calmly).—Well, I'd have  
had no respect for you if you had n't!

#### THE EXPLANATORY JOKER.

A JOKE THAT'S EXPLAINED IS A JOKE THAT'S LOST.  
—Old Song.



THE quality and quantity of humor, no one holds so high an opinion as does the Explanatory Joker of his own. His wit is worked on the wine-cellar principle, and to him his jokes are as the ownership of rare old vintages is to the gentleman of the old school. He brings them forth for the delectation of persons whom he particularly admires or by whom he wishes to be particularly admired. Out of the dark, dark cellars of his brain space, black with the dust of post-prandial orations and filigreed with the zodiacal cobwebs of the almanac, he fetches them to pollute the atmosphere of pure and ephemeral humor. The dust and cobwebs to him, though he knows it not, are the dearest part of his treasures, for under them are concealed the credit lines and quotation marks of bygone years of reprint. So long has he held these jokes that he really believes they were always his, and, existing in an innocence that is depressing, never suspects himself.

The exhibition of these anachronisms is prefaced with ha-ha's, interrupted by ha-ha's, and closed with ha-ha's; but the close is long delayed. Then re-introduced, they are retold; then they are told again in short sections with frequent interjections of "See?" and laughter by the teller; then they are told as a whole; then analyzed, compared, parsed and tabulated, with the laughter cues set out; then told once more amid the boisterous laughter of the teller; and, finally, if you are fortunate or forcible enough to change the subject, sent chuckling back to their storehouse.

Though the Explanatory Joker gets his wit ready-made—and somewhat print-worn and tongue-worn—he does not acquire it with ease or facility. When he reads a joke or hears one told, the form of it or the succeeding merriment reveals to his natural acumen the fact that it is a joke. Then he proceeds in ways of his own to find out what the joke is. For instance, he reads it and re-reads it carefully and studiously. Then he says, "Now, listen to this!" and reads it aloud, adding, "Well, I don't see—"

Here, if you possess the wisdom of experience, you will tell him that you don't, either; that you don't see how it can have a meaning; and that if it has, it could only be interpreted by the people who read and understand the symbolists—of whom there is none. But if you are inexperienced, injudicious or kind-hearted, you will undertake to explain the joke. Then you will be compelled to stab him again and again with the point before he shows signs of dawning consciousness. Sometimes you make him understand and sometimes you do not; either way it is half a day lost, utterly lost. If he understands, he adds one more treasure to his store of



X.  
MISS MAUD (indignantly).—There! Take your  
clothing. The next time I ask a man to take  
Sport down to swim I will find one not silly  
enough to dress the dog up as if he was going to  
a masquerade party. Come on Sport!

inflections; if he does not, he forever after holds you in lower esteem and regards you with suspicion. As for yourself, you can never meet that joke again without a shudder, nor look back without remorse upon the day when you were an accessory to its murder.

Oh! the Explanatory Joker! His name is Legion—would that it were Mud!

Wood Levette Wilson.

MARRIAGES ARE made in heaven, but there is almost as much prejudice against them in certain quarters as if they were made in France.

THE MAN who wants the earth probably never stopped to think what the taxes would be.



#### WITH ADMIRERS GALORE.

THE COOK.—Nelly, Oi hope some day to achave th' height av me ambition.

THE NURSE.—An' marry a cop?

THE COOK.—No. Oid loike t' be mathron in a polace station.

HOW THE RELATIONSHIP CAME IN.



HE preacher in his sermon said  
Our fellow-men were brothers.  
Great Scott! I wonder if Miss Flirts  
Rejected all the others!

ESPECIALLY HIS LATE COMINGS.

MRS. TALKINGTON.—Ah! So you have a new  
watch? No doubt you find it very useful in  
enabling you to husband your time.

MRS. WHOOPLER.—Yes; and to time my  
husband.

A NEW RULE.

PATENT-MEDICINE PROPRIETOR.—Hereafter, all testimonials  
must be accompanied by orders for at least half-a-dozen bottles of  
medicine.

CLERK.—Yes, sir.

PATENT-MEDICINE PROPRIETOR.—If these people want to see  
their names in print they ought to pay for it.

WELL FITTED.

MRS. SUBBUBS.—I can't see why that Clarence Daffy was chosen  
as one of the members of our village band. He is *such* a donkey!

MR. SUBBUBS.—That's where he has a decided advantage over  
the rest of the band, my dear. You know they all play by ear.



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A MIRACLE EXPLAINED.

SISTER JONSING.—How 'd de Lawd done git dat 'ar light  
an' darkness separated, ef dey was mixed?

ELDER COON.—Dat 's easy, sistah; dat 's easy! Dey wuz  
jest like dat coal in dat ashes, an' de Lawd jest nachally sifted um.

A COMFORTING THOUGHT.

SHE.—I hope we will always be able to keep the wolf  
from the door.

HE.—Well, if he ever comes to this flat, he 's pretty  
sure to find the door-bells out of order!

THE FAIR THING.

SELDUM FEDD (*at the door*).—Maddim, have you got  
a nice punkin pie dat you kin spare for a poor blind man?

MRS. FLINT.—Huh! You are only blind in one eye.

SELDUM FEDD.—All right, den. Gimme half  
a pie.

A DOUBTFUL TRADITION.

FIRST SUBURBANITE.—Thompson tells  
some queer tales about this place, but you  
can't believe anything he says.

SECOND SUBURBANITE.—I should say  
not. He says he had a cook once stay long  
enough to get malaria.



WORTH TRYING.

DICK DASHINGTON.—I wish I knew  
something about law.

HIS FRIEND.—Want to break a will?

DICK DASHINGTON.—Not that; but I would like to  
know if I could get an injunction preventing old Bondclips  
from interfering with my attentions to his daughter.

ALWAYS WORTHY OF CONSIDERATION.

IKEY.—Fader, how much moneysh is "a gonsiderable  
amoundt?"

HIS FATHER.—Vun cendt or ofer.

GENIUS, LIKE virtue, is often its own reward.

A CONSTANT DESIRE to vindicate themselves keeps lots of people  
in trouble.

A GOOD MANY people cast their bread upon the waters, expecting to get  
milk-toast as a result.

THERE IS room for an honest difference of opinion as to whether his-  
torical facts outnumber historical falsehoods.



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BETWEEN THE ACTS.

"You have paid rather marked attentions to both girls."

"I know, but it 's Cupid's fault, not mine. He is like the Spanish  
sharpshooters."

"How?"

"He sometimes fires at the wounded."





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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

SOME WAR ECHOS. IF PEACE were as simple a matter as war these might be dull times. Being as much more complex than war as civilization is more complex than barbarism, we have plenty to occupy us. The problems and penalties of this peace are enough to keep us up nights. Foremost there is Cuba. Four months ago the problem was to step in and do a chivalrous thing, and then step out again, full-hearted but empty-handed. Behold Cuba to-day rescued from Spanish oppression, but ourselves uncertain if it may not now have to be rescued from its impetuous friends! Taking Cuba from Spain was easy. Preserving it from over-zealous Cuban patriots is another matter. There is the difficulty of finding out its real friends and just how they can do well by it. The stable government of the island is the price we must demand for our service to it. We can not risk further upheavals. Peace is so important that if it can be had in no other way we must maintain it ourselves. It remains for the people of Cuba to show their executive power—loyalists and rebels, pacificos and insurgents. If they show it in promising measure we can let go of the island easily, nor will we hesitate to do so.

The situation in the Philippines seems to present less ethical subtlety to our public reasoners. By divers routes of logic they all bring up on common ground. If you are expert in divining the plans of God you neatly reach the conclusion that He has seen fit to make us spreaders of the faith, and, to that end, has given us certain territory in the Philippines which it would be wickedly impious in us to relinquish. You will be joined in this conclusion by the purely material reasoner who contends

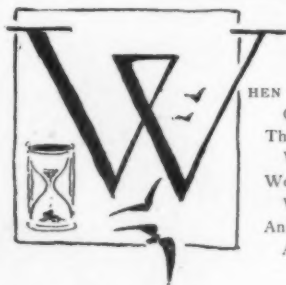
that our supremacy there is an illuminating demonstration of Nature's great law, the Survival of the Fittest. Christian and Unbeliever you may clasp hands in unity and sound a psalm of Territorial Expansion in widely differing words, but in the same metre. The politicians will use either or both arguments at discretion. Stripped of religious and philosophic fol-de-rol, the sum of the two is a question of naked expediency, of dollars and cents.

But this peace is not all problems. There are some things definitely settled for this generation upon which one is permitted to reflect with entire satisfaction. We have become very well acquainted with some hitherto unknown but valuable members of our body, and we may conscientiously say that we are glad to have met them. We might have gone on another score of years and never have known there was such a man as Dewey or Shafter or Sampson or Schley. We would have glanced at their names sometimes in official reports but they would have meant nothing. Hobson, for example, would have suggested nothing but a casual line in a city directory. Now it means pluck, coolness, skill, patriotism in its last essence, and a mighty interesting story. It is good to have found out, too, as much as we have about our ships and guns, and the high pitch of training that makes them terrors to the enemy.

Above all, it is good to look at the faces of certain of our men that died in the fighting. Study the groups of them in the illustrated papers. They were mostly young men, strong and clean-looking, alert and brimming with vitality; full of the joy of living, yet with an intensely American fibre showing so plainly in their faces that we know they died willingly, even eagerly, for the honor of their land. We know, if such a thing may be, that they are now glad they died, proud to have given their youth and joyous activity for a Cause that was part of them.

Then, too, we have enjoyed a family reunion which should rank high among the victories of this peace. We are a large and growing family, widely scattered, giving ourselves to widely different and sometimes conflicting interests. Parts of us had become estranged from other parts; some of the lateral branches were scarcely on speaking terms. Now we have come together and made each other's acquaintance anew. Old jealousies and suspicions are wiped out in the common rejoicing. Remote cousins from East and West and North and South forget old grudges and swear new fidelity.

Purists differ as to whether the name "United States" should be followed by a plural or a singular verb. Grammatical nicety aside, however, there is surely a new relish to-day in saying "the United States *is*"—a relish not to be diminished by any possible scattering of our territory.



THE WILLIE BOYS.

WHEN THE Willie boys enlisted,  
Of course we up and laffed;  
There was n't many minutes  
When a Willie was n't chaffed;  
We acted kind and motherly—  
We whistled lullabies,  
An' spoke of slowly rockin' 'em  
An' brushin' off the flies.

We'd noticed in the papers  
That the Willie boys were jays;  
That they had a heap of money  
And were bad in other ways;  
We thought they wanted uniforms  
But did n't want to fight,  
Which was n't military,  
So we sought to set 'em right.

Down in front of Santiago,  
With the Mausers mousin' round,  
The Willies staid beside us  
An' they helped at gainin' ground;  
We hope 't was worth the gainin',—  
They have gained it long an' well,  
For certain of the Willies  
Are reposin' where they fell.

We've quit our jokes an' chaffin',—  
We think they've earned a rest;  
And now the literary chaps  
Can raise a hornet's nest  
By sneerin' at the men who shared  
Our dazlin', glorious joys.—  
We know you better now!—Say when!  
"Here 's to you, Willie boys!"  
Frank Sawin Bailey.

NOT COVETED.

"Spain has her honor left."  
"Oh, yes! The United States did n't want it."

HIS SUSPICION.

FIRST CITIZEN.—I did n't know what a protocol was at first, did you?  
SECOND CITIZEN.—No; I thought it might be some Spanish trick.



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TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

SHE.—It seems to me that all through this war one party has been jest as patriotic as the other.  
HE.—That 's all right, Maria; but it 's gettin' too nighlection time to admit anything like that.

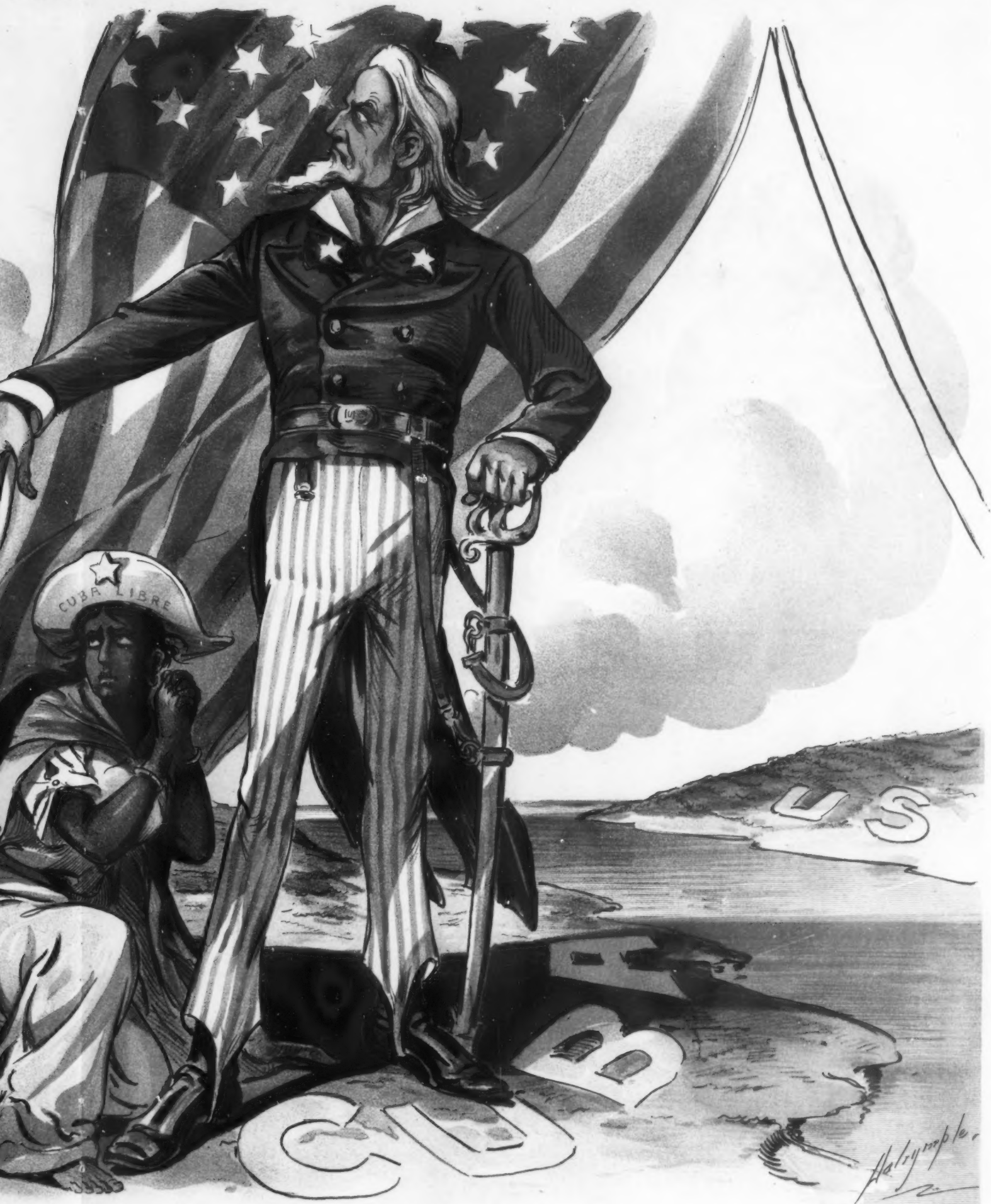


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"SAVE ME FROM



PUCK.



J. OTTMANN LITH CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

FROM MY FRIENDS!"



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#### A LESSON IN ETIQUETTE.

"Will you have another drink?" asked the Tenderfoot tourist very cordially, intimately, and almost affectionately of Bronco Bill, as he put his hand into his trousers' pocket for the tenth consecutive time since he had met that worthy an hour before.

"Stranger," said Bronco Bill, solemnly, as he raised a warning and very dirty forefinger, and wagged it slowly and unsteadily to and fro in front of the Tenderfoot's

face; "Stranger, never ask a — *hic* — gen'tman any sech' question ez that ag'in. If you — *hic* — wish to signify that you — *hic* — desire a gen'tman to — *hic* — hev suthin' — say so. But — *hic* — to ask a gen'tman to — *hic* — have *another* drink, is gen'rally considered ez the height uv vulgarity, not to say — *hic* — impertinence. It seems to signify that — *hic* — *other* drinks have gone before. So allus say *a* drink, Stranger — allus say *a* drink — and you 'll — *hic* — live longer and — *hic* — die happier."

#### NOT YANKEE DOODLE.



OUR national airs,  
To judge by the  
girls,  
Are penniless sons  
Of princes and  
earls.

#### LIKELY.

HE. — What! You don't like Lanque? Why, he is the champion hop-step-and-jumper of my Varsity!

SHE. — Indeed? Possibly that explains his waltzing.

#### NOT AT ALL FEMININE.

ALINE. — Is she so very masculine?

ANNA. — Masculine! Why, actually, I heard her confess that her shoes were too tight!

MOST OF us believe we could give Providence hints well worth consideration.

IF THE kitten had been provided with a slightly longer tail it would have been deprived of a great deal of innocent amusement.



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#### AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

MR. OLEWED. — I suppose there's no fool like an old fool.

MRS. OLEWED. — I am sorry to have brought your gray hairs to the altar.

#### CHEAP.

There is a tribe of clay eaters  
Some scientists assert;  
If this is true, their table-board  
Must be as cheap as dirt.

#### THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

COBB. — Mrs. Van Spook must have appeared very *décolleté* at the ball, according to the cartoon in the *Colored Illustrator*.

CORNTREE. — Well, that was mostly the fault of the printer. The color press got out of order, and in the picture the lady's dress appeared to be leaning against the opposite wall.

#### UNHAPPY COGNOMEN.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed Father Knickerbocker, tauntingly.

As for Chicago, she was beside herself with rage.

"Oh! your name is pants!" she hissed, ominously.

TO HEAL wounds made by Cupid's darts there's nothing like another arrow.



PUCK.



20 YRIGT, 1898, BY KEPLER & SCHWARZMAN

#### OBSCURED.

POLLY.—You look angry.  
DOLLY.—I *am* angry. I just had this full length tin-type taken of me in my bathing suit, and just look at it!  
POLLY.—Why, I think it is splendid! The face is a perfect likeness of you.  
DOLLY.—Yes; but the lower half of the picture is so dark you can't see a thing.

#### SHAKSPERE ANSWERED.

ALL me where is fancy bred,  
In the heart or in the head?"  
If you care to hunt around,  
In a bake-shop 't will be found.

#### TO NO PURPOSE.

GRIMSHAW.—That fellow, Bosanko, is always engaged in some profitless enterprise or other.  
ASKINS.—What is his latest?  
GRIMSHAW.—I saw him last night, telling ghost-stories to a bald-headed man.

#### A POINT OF INFORMATION.

LITTLE REUBEN.—Pop, "suar" means "hones," don't it?  
HIS FATHER.—Dat 's right, chile.  
LITTLE REUBEN.—Wal, den, kin a pusson hab a suar' meal off'n a chicken what ain't his'n?

SOMEHOW THE "unexpected honor" always find the latchstring out.

SO MANY men are born lucky that it seems strange how we missed it.

ELASTICITY is a good test for suspenders, but a poor one for consciences.

THE "STILL small voice" would suit some of us better if it would keep still.

WHEN SOME people look pleasant the effort they are making shows right through.

#### A GREAT PROSPECT.

SUBBUBS (to city friend he has invited to his home to spend the evening).—Now, you just wait on the station platform for a minute.  
CITILY.—What for?  
SUBBUBS.—I want to get my stilts out of the baggage-room. I'll borrow you a pair from the agent.

#### A SIGN OF AN APPROACHING PROPOSAL.

MAY.—Do you think George is serious in his attentions to you?  
MAUD.—Well, he has reached the stage where he can't sit still for more than half a minute at a time!

#### A HINDRANCE TO VERACITY.

HIS HONOR (after court has adjourned).—Say, Sharpe, I believe your client, Mrs. Hitun, lied outrageously on the stand.  
ATTORNEY SHARPE.—That was because so many of her set were spectators. She could n't get the idea that it was some sort of a social function out of her head.

#### TRANSIENT.

EXAMINER.—You know, Mr. Wantbriefs, that things real are those which are permanent, fixed and immovable. Now, name one thing that seems to have all the attributes of realty, but is, in law, personalty.  
EMBRYO LAWYER.—Er—a—er—a powder mill.

#### ALL SHOUTING.

REPORTER.—How will the silent vote go?  
FARMER.—The silent vote? Young man, there is n't any such thing around here.

#### DID NOT GROW.

"So he went West to grow up with the country, did he?"  
"Well, he thought he did; but it proved that he went West and went up with the country."

IT is the things we are going to do that makes life worth living.

MANY WATERS can not quench love; it takes something strong enough to scent up the breath.



20 YRIGT, 1898, BY KEPLER & SCHWARZMAN

#### VERY GAMEY.

CAPTAIN.—I hear you've signed a new catcher. Is he game?  
MANAGER.—Is he *game*? W'y, say!—he's so game dat w'en he goes huntin' de dogs point at him instead of de bird!

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### A SCIENTIST'S OPINION.

MR. BILKINS (looking up from the paper).—The eminent physician, Dr. Greathead, says there is no exercise so conducive to health in woman as ordinary housework.

MRS. BILKINS.—Huh! I'll bet he's married.—*New York Weekly*.

It is in the power of most violinists to make the violin speak. If the instrument could be induced to speak to all players, it would order most of them to let it alone.—*Roxbury Gazette*.



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STAGE MANAGER.—Mr. Heavy, you will take the part of Alonzo.

MR. HEAVY.—I have never seen this play. Do you think I can please the audience in that part?

STAGE MANAGER.—Immensely. You die in the first act.—*New York Weekly*.

"THEY say a carrier pigeon will go farther than any other bird," said the boarder, between bites.

"Well, I reckon I'll have to try one," said the landlady; "I notice a chicken does n't go very far."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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MOTHER (coaxingly).—Open your mouth, dear, and let the dentist see what he can find there.

SON.—All right, Mama;—but findings ain't keepings, remember!



It is certain that the bicycle has come to stay, but it is n't wise to let it get out of your sight.—*Roxbury Gazette*.

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**A DIFFERENCE.**  
 "Has n't he gotten through with what he had to say?" inquired the man who had been asleep.  
 "Yes," replied the friend next him; "but there's no telling when he will conclude." — *Washington Star.*

**AN EVIDENCE.**  
 "I believe he thinks more of her money than he does of her."  
 "Yes. He always had such good taste." — *Detroit Free Press.*

No barber ever saw another barber who knew much about his trade. — *Washington Democrat.*

THE husband of a club woman is an understudy for Cinderella. — *Albion Globe.*

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LADY.—I wish you would call at the office of Mr. Oldrich, 999 Fashion Avenue, contrive to have some conversation with the venerable gentleman, and, so far as you are able, examine into his physical condition. I desire to know how long he is likely to live.

PHYSICIAN.—Are you his wife?

LADY.—No; but I have a chance to be. — *New York Weekly.*

MOTHER.—Johnny, you go right to bed!  
 JOHNNY.—Yessum; but you bet yer life when I get big I'll join a club like Pa belongs to and then I won't have to go to bed at all if I don't want to. — *Roxbury Gazette.*

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 Three Castles  
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## GAINING KNOWLEDGE.

FATHER (proudly).—And do you recognize who that is, my son?  
 SON.—Yes, Father; that is you. Now I understand what the papers meant when they said you were on the fence.

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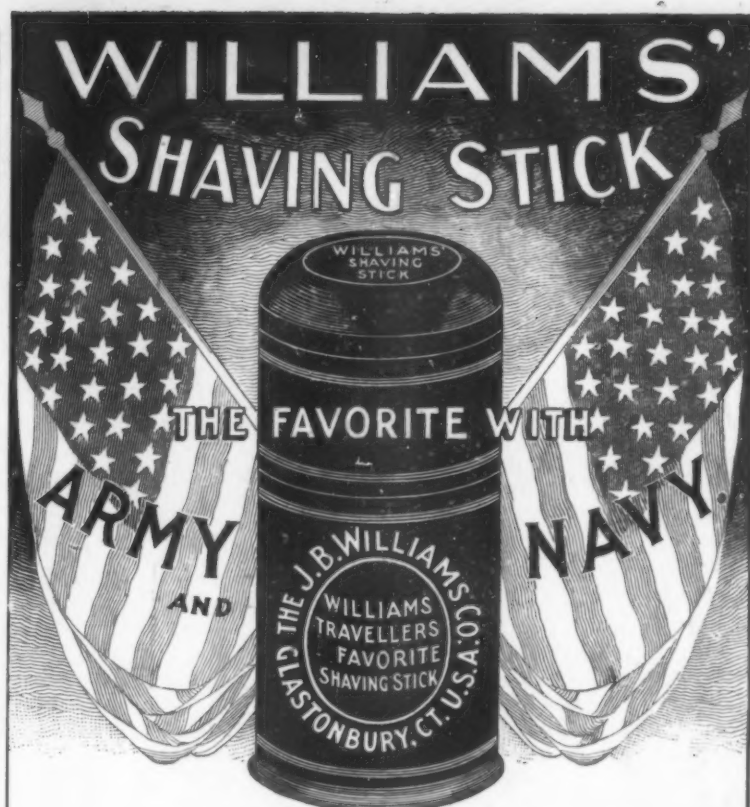
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## NO COUNTRY THEATRES.

CITY CHILD.—Do country towns where you go have theatres?

ACTRESS.—No; country towns never have theatres. They have only opera houses, academies of music, and temples of Thespis. — *New York Weekly.*

"Would you please help me?" said the poor beggar to the pedestrian; "I have a wife and five children at home, and an instalment to pay on my bicycle to-morrow." — *Yonkers Statesman.*

## THOUGHT HIM AN OFFICIAL.

WESTERN CONDUCTOR (pointing to captured train robber accompanied by sheriff).—Do you see that man? He has robbed thousands on this road.

PASSENGER (with interest).—That so? What is he—president or superintendent? — *New York Weekly.*

THE imagination of some small boys is worth having. The other night, when Mr. Wallypug was lying asleep on his library sofa and snoring away for dear life, Mrs. Wallypug remarked that she wished he would not snore so.

"Pa ain't snorin'," said Tommy Wallypug; "he 's dreamin' about a dorg, and that's the dorg growling." — *Harper's Bazar.*

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A CHARACTER in an Iowa village is called "Bellows," because he blows when properly worked. — *West Union Gazette.*

# Pears'

The skin ought to be clear; there is nothing strange in a beautiful face.

If we wash with proper soap, the skin will be open and clear, unless the health is bad. A good skin is better than a doctor.

The soap to use is Pears'; no free alkali in it. Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.



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Is the best of table salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances natural to the stomach. Fill your salt-cellar with Pepsalt and use it in place of salt at your meals. If you have indigestion your stomach does not supply the necessary amount of the dissolving or digestive juices. Pepsalt taken in place of salt at your meals makes good this deficiency, as you take with every mouthful of your food a similar substance to that which is required and at the right time, and your indigestion is a thing of the past. Send for sample in salt-shaker bottle and try it.

Indigestion Has No Terrors For Him  
That salt-shaker is filled with Pepsalt

PEPSALT CURES AND PREVENTS INDIGESTION

### A MUSICAL MYSTERY.

COOK.—Phwere is the missus and master gone?  
SECOND GIRL.—They went to the Italian Opera.  
COOK.—Moy! That's square. Phwere did the doorty Oytalions learn singin'? — *New York Weekly.*

If you must have your picture taken, for heaven's sake don't pose. — *Atchison Globe.*



"I BELIEVES," said Uncle Eben, "dat de human race would be consid'able wiser an' happier ef you could git 'em to foller anahgment as easy as you kin git 'em to toller a circus puhcession." — *Washington Star.*

Volunteers. Climatic changes are apt to produce Colic, Dysentery, etc. Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters is a sure preventive of these diseases.

### THE STOVE WENT OUT.

MISTRESS.—Get dinner to-day on the gasoline stove, Bridget.

BRIDGET.—Plaze, Mum, I did thry, but th' stove wint out.

MISTRESS.—Try again, then.

BRIDGET.—Yis, Mum; but it's not come back yit. It wint out t'rough th' roof. — *New York Weekly.*

"Heaven's best gift, my ever new delight."  
— MILTON.

A smoker's "outfit" is not complete unless it has a box of

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THE lazier the man, the more he complains about dull times. — *Atchison Globe.*

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SOME people eat green apples and then sigh about their crosses. — *Ram's Horn.*

WHEN a man asks you what you think of him, fool him and give him your honest opinion. — *Atchison Globe.*

BARBER.—I've got a preparation that will prevent your hair from falling out.

CUSTOMER.—But you are baldheaded yourself.

BARBER.—That's very true; but you overlook the fact, sir, that a baldheaded man is never troubled by hair falling out. — *Roxbury Gazette.*



### A PURITANICAL HOUSEHOLD.

JOHNNY (disgustedly).—What can a boy do on Sunday?  
GRANDMA STRAITLACE (grimly).—Wait till Monday.

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The Keeley treatment cures this disease by restoring the nerves to a perfectly healthy state. It cures by removing the cause. The result is that the patient is left in a normal and healthy condition, and he has neither craving, desire, nor necessity for stimulants.

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If you want to be appreciated, die or pay your debts. — *Adams Freeman.*

You can't tell how cheerfully a person pays his revenue tax by the size of the flags on his stationery. — *Washington Democrat.*

It took a New Jersey man eighty years before he discovered the secret of prolonged life. Then he died. — *Norristown Herald.*

THE character that is positive has no difficulty in speaking a negative. — *Ram's Horn.*



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### JOHNNY'S HANDS.

MOTHER.—Johnny, you said you'd been to Sunday School.

JOHNNY (with a far-away look).—Yes 'm.

MOTHER.—How does it happen that your hands smell fishy?

JOHNNY.—I—I carried home th' Sunday School paper, an'—an' th' outside page is all about Jonah an' th' whale.—*New York Weekly.*

MRS. CROSSWAY.—I'd like to know what becomes of all the mean, stingy men.

MR. CROSSWAY.—Why?

MRS. CROSSWAY.—I declare, every man I read about that dies was never deaf to a call for charity and was an active worker in about half-a-dozen philanthropic organizations.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

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CLARA.—I suppose our soldier boys will be at a disadvantage in the boats?  
CORA.—Oh! I don't know; there were a few of them up at the Lake, last Summer, that could use their arms in the boats pretty well.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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SHE.—It's too bad you have n't got it with you. I hear Papa coming downstairs.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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BY ACT OF CONGRESS.

MR. JOHNSON.—I'm in favor ob de Anglo-Saxon alliance eb'ry time!

MR. BLACK.—G'wan! Yo' ain't no Anglo-Saxon.

MR. JOHNSON.—Cou'se I is! We's all Anglo-Saxons sence de Fifteen'

'Mendment wuz passed.

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A MAN does n't feel that his territory is being infringed upon when some one compliments his wife, but he does feel that his rights are being usurped when others than himself scold her.—*Atchison Globe.*

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212 State St., Chicago.

NOT FOR A REST.

DEPOSITOR.—Is the cashier in?

PRESIDENT.—No-o; he's gone away.

DEPOSITOR.—Ah! gone for a rest, I presume.

PRESIDENT (sadly).—No-o; to avoid arrest.—*New York Weekly.*

## OPIUM

and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. L, Lebanon, Ohio.

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CLEAR TO THE TOP.

UNCLE SAM.—Gosh! I did n't know I could strike so hard; but I guess the record will have to stand.  
JOHN BULL.—Of course it will, Sam. You can't rub it out now.